

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME IV.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1913.

NUMBER 2

OCTOBER 12, 1902.

BY FLORENCE PHINNEY.

**B**RAVE deeds, bold hearts, our calendar  
From day to day records;  
And many deathless names there are  
The laurel wreath rewards;  
But Christopher, our Admiral,  
We'll honor with a will.  
Our Country's dearest name of all  
Shall be COLUMBIA still.

## Columbus Day.

**T**HE date which this issue of *The Beacon* bears is a great anniversary. We call it Columbus Day. Not public schools alone, but churches and Sunday schools, may well observe it. It marks a great historic event, and it reminds us of one man's large faith, his sturdy endeavor, his fine achievement. Best of all, it tells again, if we will listen, the story of truth scorned, reviled, oppressed, and then at last triumphant.

Seven long years Columbus labored before he could induce any one to furnish the money he needed to undertake his voyage. All refused because they would not believe him when he said that the earth is round. He was called a crazy dreamer. People laughed at him. The world must be flat because they had always thought it was!

One of the reasons for not accepting what Columbus said was based on their religious belief. The Church at that time taught the people that Jesus would appear on the clouds of heaven, in sight of all Christians. If the earth is round, they reasoned, only a part of those who believed could see his appearing, so it could not be round.

Jesus did not come in the way they expected. Instead, his spirit of love and service comes all the time in the hearts of his followers, and the shape of the earth does not prevent it. They were wrong, and Columbus was right.

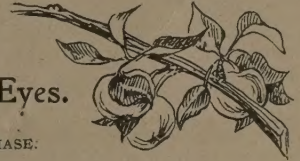
Columbus Day will remind us that all truth comes from God. We, too, should bear reproach, if we must, in order that "truth may grow from more to more."

"The world is looking for a man who can do something, not for the man who can explain why he didn't do it."



## The Loan of a Pair of Eyes.

BY AGNES FOLLANSBEE CHASE.



**T**ELL you what it is, boys, girls have no business trying to compete with us fellows in our studies. It's their place to stay home and keep house and make clothes and look pretty, you know," Philip Westcott was declaring with a superior air as he and his classmates walked home from school.

"Madge Turner don't think so," laughed

frowned. "She did? did she? Say, she's got nerve, hasn't she," he exclaimed in annoyance. "She will be the only girl against six boys. Gee! We won't do a thing to her! She ought to know better. What does a girl want with a college course? A fellow needs it to give him a good start in the world, but it would be wasted on a girl."

"I heard Madge say she wanted it to help her learn to be an artist. You know she really can draw fine, and her mother can't afford to send her to an art school," said little Tod Warner.

"Artist?" sneered Philip. "What does she want to be an artist for? I'd just as soon be a sign-painter."

"Oh, but she's just crazy about it," Tod went on loyally. "She spends all her spare time sketching, and she's always getting people to pose for her. She's set her heart on being an artist, and she says this scholarship is her only chance. You'll have to hustle, Phil. She's made up her mind to win."

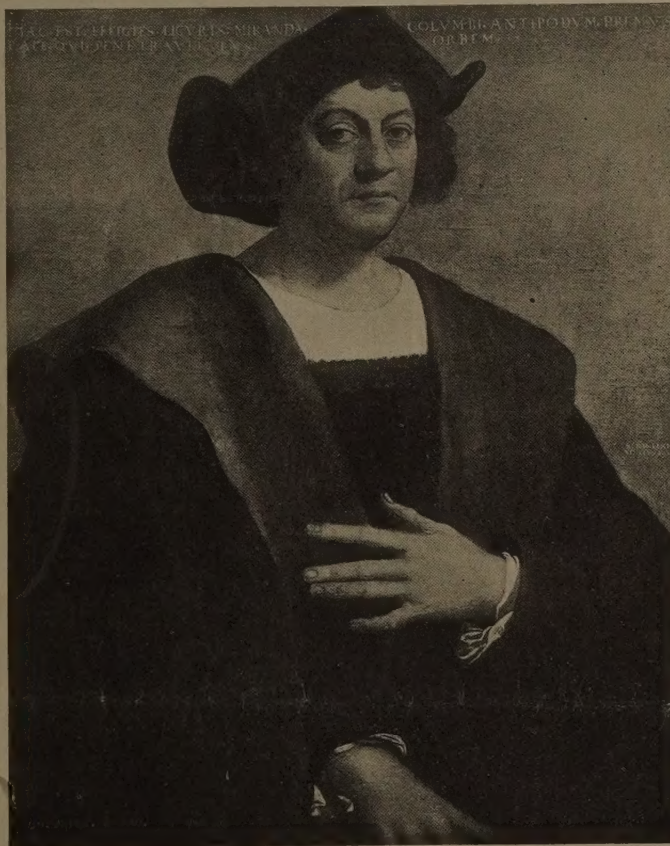
"Pooh! I guess I needn't worry," answered Philip, carelessly. "If I couldn't beat a little, fluffy-headed girl, I'd not compete at all; and you know I intend to show my father that I can make good in this. He's promised me a trip to Europe if I win."

But in the weeks that followed Philip was forced to admit that he would really have to fight hard to win the coveted scholarship. One by one the other boys dropped behind; but Madge pushed him steadily in the exciting race, and at times she even threatened to out-distance him, much to his surprise. Once he caught up with her on the way home from school

"Look here, Madge, are you really going to fight to the finish for the scholar-

ship?" he asked impatiently.

Madge's bright face flushed, and her eyes sparkled. "Why, of course I am, Phil Westcott; and you'll soon see that a girl can



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.—PIOMBO  
Metropolitan Museum of Art

Copyright, Emery School Art Co.

Hugh Rankin. "She entered her name in the Spring Scholarship Competition this very morning."

There was a chorus of surprise, and Philip



be good for something besides housekeeping and making clothes," she replied quickly.

"You'll never win," he asserted positively. "Oh, I don't say you haven't got good brains for a girl, but"—

"Oh, thank you, kind sir!" interrupted Madge, laughingly, dropping him a deep courtesy, and Philip joined in her laughter.

"Well, you know what I mean, Madge," he hurried on. "I'm only warning you that I'm determined to win, so you'll know what to expect."

Madge nodded gravely. "I know I'll have to work like sixty to beat you, but I mean to do it if I can. O Phil, you don't know how I want to be an artist! It would mean everything to me, and I simply must win!"

After that they both worked harder than ever, and Madge's heart beat high; for there was no doubt that her chances were about even with Philip's, and by extra work she hoped to push ahead at the last moment.

One afternoon, about a month before the final test, she was flying home, her arms full of books, when she met Edna Walton.

"Hello, Madge! Have you heard about Phil Westcott? Guess you'll get the scholarship now, all right," Edna cried.

"What is it? Tell me quick!" gasped Madge in excitement.

"Why, Phil's eyes have given out completely. He's shut up in a dark room, and the doctor says he positively cannot use his eyes for any more studying this season. Phil's just wretched about the scholarship because he was counting on showing his father what he could do, you know; but the doctor says he'll go blind if he tries to use his eyes."

"O poor Phil!" cried Madge, softly. "How perfectly dreadful for him! I'm so sorry."

"Yes, it is too bad; but, then, you'll get the scholarship now, Madge," said Edna.

"I suppose so," answered Madge, slowly. "But it doesn't seem exactly fair."

That night she neglected her studies, and sat very quietly beside the fire in the sitting-room.

"Why are you so serious, dear?" asked Mrs. Turner, glancing up from her sewing.

"I'm thinking about Phil Westcott, mother," Madge answered, and told her mother what had happened. "It has spoiled the whole thing for me. I wanted to win if I could, of course; but it seems like fighting an unarmed enemy to take it, now that Phil can't fight, too."

"I know, dear; but of course it is something we cannot help," replied Mrs. Turner, gently.

For a long time Madge was quiet; but at last she looked up again, her eyes shining.

"Mother, I know what I can do," she cried joyously. "I'll lend Phil my eyes! I know he only needs to dig in history and mathematics, and I can easily help him with those. I'll go up to his house for two hours every day and read to him, so he can compete after all!"

Mrs. Turner's face was very tender as she kissed her daughter. "But what about your own studies, dear? Won't you spoil your chances?"

"Oh, no," Madge cried eagerly. "You see, I'll be studying, too, at the same time; and, anyway, I guess Phil needs the scholarship more than I do, if he has to take such care of his eyes."

Next day after school she flew over to propose her plan to Philip, and to begin work at once; but Philip did not wish to see her.

"He's not feeling a bit well, miss," the

maid explained. "He's just heart-broken about disappointing his father."

"I know; but I've got a perfectly glorious plan, so I'll go right up and tell him about it," said Madge, whisking past the maid and up to the invalid's room.

"Philip, may I come in?" she whispered, peeping into the darkened room where the boy sat with bandaged eyes, and his head in his hands.

He started up nervously. "I don't want to see any one," he said crossly. "You know you'll get the scholarship now, Madge; but I don't want to talk about it."

"But listen, Phil. I've got a dandy plan," said Madge, hastily; and she told him all about it while he listened in amazement.

"Would you really do that for a fellow?" he asked, when she stopped for breath. "Well, you are a good sort! I didn't know that girls were ever like that. I thought you'd be glad I was out of the running."

Madge laughed. "I guess you've got a good deal to learn about girls, Phil," she said. "Now we'll begin right away on French history. I marked the place in school to-day."

But Philip interrupted. "Hold on, Madge. I don't think it's fair to you," he objected. "You'll be doing double work; and, besides, why should you help me to get the scholarship away from you?"

"Conceited thing! How do you know you will get it?" chuckled Madge, spreading out her books on the window-sill. "Now, don't you say another word, because I'm determined that, if you don't try for the prize, I won't, so there! I would not enjoy it if I knew I'd won it just because you were sick. Come on."

Philip jumped up from his chair and carefully felt his way over to where she sat.

"I say, shake, will you?" he said, a trifle huskily, holding out his hand; and Madge shook it heartily.

Then they settled down to work in earnest. Madge first read aloud slowly and distinctly, and then they would carefully go over each puzzling point together until they both had it clearly fixed in mind.

"Do you know, it makes it ever so much easier when I work with you, Phil," she said, as she strapped up her books before going home; and Philip's face reddened with pleasure at the thought that he was helping a little after all.

After that they spent two hours a day in steady work, and very soon they were making splendid progress. Philip forgot to be miserable about his eyes, and grew more high-spirited as the great day drew near, while Madge was nearly wild with excitement. Word was sent to the school authorities that Philip would enter the competition after all, and every one was wondering how he could prepare himself without the use of his eyes; for Madge insisted that no one must know about her part.

"You see, every one would tease him dreadfully because a girl was helping him, mother," she said wisely, so the secret was carefully kept.

At last the great day came. As a result of the prolonged rest Philip's eyes were so much better that he was now only wearing shaded glasses, and could work quite easily for the two hours necessary for the first period of the scholarship test. From the desk where he sat he could see Madge bending over her work with desperate determination.

"She ought to have it. She deserves it

more than I do," he thought to himself, but then he remembered how his father's heart was set on his winning, and went back to his work with renewed zeal.

Then came two more days of feverish work, and poor Madge thought her head must certainly whirl off her shoulders. But, when it was all over, and it was announced that Philip Westcott had won the coveted scholarship by the narrowest possible margin, Madge was so proud of him that she almost forgot to feel her own disappointment.

"I'm just dee-lighted, Phil!" she cried joyfully, shaking his hand with both her own, when he came to try to thank her for what she had done.

"That's because you're such a sport, Madge," he answered warmly. "I could never have made it if you hadn't helped me the way you did, and I'm awfully sorry about the art course."

Madge turned her head away quickly, but in a moment she was smiling up at him again.

"You needn't worry about that. I'll have that when I'm older and able to do better work," she declared bravely. "And besides," she added, with a mischievous glance at him, "a girl does not need a college course so much as a boy does!"

"Oh, I say, Madge, I didn't know what I was talking about when I said all that stuff," Philip protested. "Anyway, I know you've just given me this scholarship, and I'll not forget it, either," he added earnestly.

"Why, Phil Westcott, I've done no such thing!" Madge cried gayly. "You won it yourself, and I only loaned you a pair of eyes!"

## The Test.

BY FLORENCE JONES HADLEY.

IT seems to be all right, laddie,  
In color and form and line;  
There's nothing to make you doubt it,  
So perfect is the design;  
But before you try to pass it,  
This dollar so bright and new,  
Just give it the final test, lad,  
And see if the coin rings true.

'Tis one of the world's ways, laddie,  
Demanding the very best  
From heart and brain and conscience,  
And making us pass the test.  
For aught that is base will bar us,  
Though carefully hid from view,  
So, if you would pass the test, lad,  
Just see that the coin rings true.

If friendship is offered, laddie,  
And honor and fame and gold,  
Don't be in a hurry to grasp them,  
But see if the test will hold.  
Will they weigh out in the balance  
Where God and the world may view?  
Just give it the one sure test, lad,  
And see if the coin rings true.

## The Chance He did not Take.

BY EDGAR L. VINCENT.

IT was the young man's first term as a legislator. He naturally wished to do well and make his mark, so that the people of the State would look upon him as a valuable public servant and keep him in his position as long as possible. For that reason he felt honored when two men called upon him at the capitol building.

"We have been looking your record up," one of the men said, "and we believe you



are just the man to help us. While you are doing that, you will make yourself so solid with your people back home that you will have no difficulty in being re-elected for years. We have a proposed measure here which we would like you to look over, and, if you find it all right, place your name upon it and introduce it in this branch of the legislature."

The young man understood that he was a "new man," and perceived that he had been chosen to do the proposed service in preference to many who had been in the legislature much longer than he had; but he did not wonder at that. The trap set for him had been baited with the sweet flattery that his standing was such that the fact that his name was connected with the act would carry great weight; and where is the man, young or old who would not be snared by a thing like that?

So he took the bill and told the visitors to come to him the next day, by which time he would have studied the terms of the measure and be ready to give them an answer.

When they came back, the moment they looked into the face of the young man, they knew that they had played and lost. He was pale, as if he had passed through some severe ordeal; but his eyes were clear and his voice firm when he handed the document back with the words:

"I have examined the papers and shall have to tell you that I can have nothing to do with them!"

"But don't you see, it will make you famous? We are giving you the preference over many older men. We could find plenty of men who would be glad to take the bill and see it through."

The tone was seductive in its persuasiveness.

"I thank you for any preference you may have given me, but you know as well as I do what that bill would do if enacted. It would create a gigantic water privilege by providing for a dam at a certain point on one of the rivers of the State. When that dam was completed and filled, it would flood thousands of acres of land and wipe out the homes of scores of farmers all through that section."

"But think of the power it would create, —power to light all the villages and towns for miles around and run all the machinery in that end of the State. You must look at the other side of it!"

"Let me ask you this question: Do you believe the people whose lands would be covered by the water of that dam, and whose homes would be swept away and destroyed would be willing to see this bill passed? Would you give your consent to it if you had a home in that valley?"

"But they would receive pay for their farms."

"That does not answer the question. Would you be willing to give up your home for what you probably might receive for your farm? Would you sit still and be forced to give up the home you had made and which you loved as you loved your life?"

For an hour the visitors continued to plead with the young law-maker. They did not know—no one ever knew—that all that night before the young man had wrestled with his chance to become famous by introducing and working for the passage of this bill and conquered, absolutely. The battle had been long and sharp. He could see both sides of the case. He knew the advan-

tage which would come to him should he press the measure to a successful issue. But his heart was with the men and women who would be compelled to give up their homes and start in life over again, and his sense of right and justice won.

The promoters of the scheme found their man. The bill was introduced. It came to a public hearing, and the young man had the satisfaction of seeing a great company of the farmer folk come to the capitol to work with all their might to save their homes by defeating the bill. More than that, he took his stand by their side and fought bravely until the vote was taken and the measure declared lost.

The chance he did not take hurt him as a politician, but it made him tenfold stronger as a man; and manhood and integrity are what count. Side by side with every chance to do a wrong thing goes another chance, the chance to be true. The spirit of evil never is permitted to spread his net where there is no way of escape!

## Riding Home.

"MY feet's tired," said little Richard, When walking out one day.  
"You'll have to carry me, papa,  
All the rest of the way."

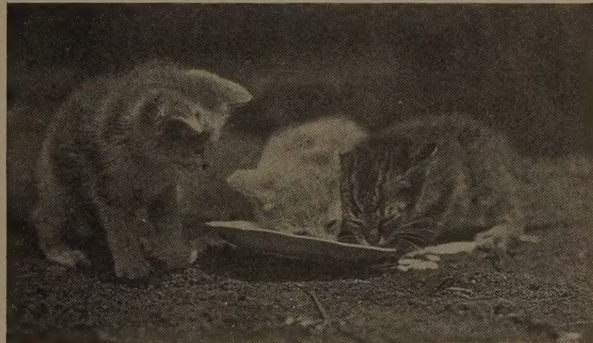
"Why you're too big to be carried,"  
Said papa. "Where's your pride?  
If you can't walk any farther,  
Just take my cane and ride."

So the steed Dick mounted quickly,  
And galloped off with glee.  
"Riding is easier 'n walking,  
I'll soon get home," said he.

LIDA C. TULLOCH, in *Normal Instructor*.

I believe freedom to be the first condition of moral life. It needs, however, to be accompanied by much instruction. It is like money in this, that in order to profit by it one must know how to use it properly.

JULIA WARD HOWE.



BAD MANNERS

## The Cats of Uncle Sam.

"My Aunt Katherine has 'leven cats," announced Lucia Holland.

"My Aunt Rosalia has twenty—she sells 'em," said Lucy Wright.

Then from Eloise Cabot: "I know a boy whose mother has an aunt that keeps thirty-one cats and a hired man to wash 'em."

Then Aunt Patty spoke, "My Uncle Sam keeps more than three hundred cats."

Lucia Holland was triumphant. Who could say more than that? Three hundred cats! And everybody knew that Lucia Holland's Aunt Patty told the truth.

"Yes," went on the pleasant voice, "three hundred and odd—I don't know how many odd cats he has. It seems like a good many, doesn't it?"

"Oh—oh, yes, it does seem like a good many!" Lucia's cheeks were turning a soft pink color—but, of course, she trusted Aunt Patty.

"But—I don't see where he keeps such a heap as—that," commented one.

"Oh, he doesn't keep them in one place, of course. I believe he keeps them in about fifty places—post-offices, you know.

"Yes, he keeps them in the post-offices of the large cities, where they can attend to the rats and mice that otherwise would chew holes in the mail sacks, and likely as not bore holes through the bags of letters. My Uncle Sam's cats attend to those rats and mice, I assure you. Before he sent them around to the post-offices a good deal of harm

was done, especially in a great place like New York City.

A moment's silence while Aunt Patty threaded her needle. Then it was she who spoke first:—

"Of course no one could expect the postmasters of these big cities to pay pussy's board out of their own pockets. Dear me, no! My Uncle Sam would never think of such a thing. He is too independent, I can tell you. He pays these postmasters from eight to forty dollars for his pussies' board"—

"Oh, my! We've got a boarder and she only pays five dollars a week, and she's a human!" broke forth one girl in astonishment.

"Eight to forty dollars a year, I meant," laughed Aunt Patty. "My Uncle Sam is pretty well off, but I don't think he could afford as much as that a week! The postmasters send in their boarders' bills at the beginning of each quarter, and Uncle Sam pays them promptly."

Lucia had been thinking hard. Now she spoke:—

"If he's your Uncle Sam, he's mine, too," she said proudly. "My great, great, anyway."

"Of course!" Aunt Patty smiled, "and Eloise's, too, and the others."

"Oh!"

The "Oh" was Lucia's, for all at once she understood. The idea of not knowing.

"I know!" she cried. "Uncle Sam's only his initials—his whole name is United States!"

No wonder all the others laughed then.

Youth's Companion.



## THE BEACON.

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## From the Editor to You.

IN every boy's heart lies the spirit of adventure. He longs for new worlds to conquer. He would like to be as fearless and persistent a discoverer as was Columbus. But he knows that our globe is mapped and charted. Even the North Pole is no longer an unexplored region. He may think that there is little in our known world to give opportunity to the spirit of adventure.

Boys, it is life itself that is the great adventure. You may live in a place which has long been known, which is rich in historic interest, where men and women have won fame. Beyond all that has been done or known, something waits for you. In the realms of truth and life are the undiscovered worlds. Something as unguessed as were radium and the X-ray a few years ago is yet to be found. Better ways of living, wiser ways of doing things, the right conduct of your own life, the conquest of disease and poverty and sin, will not these things take all that a man has of courage and endurance, of strength and good-will?

## Sunday-school News.

THE "Girls' Choir" from the Sunday school in Wollaston, Mass., assists in the special services in the church, and their work is greatly appreciated by the congregation. They lead the hymns, and render simple choruses as anthems and prayer responses.

The Sunday school of the Church of the Redeemer (Universalist) in Newark, N.J., rewards attendance by a banner, conferred each month on the boys' class and the girls' class having the highest percentage of attendance for the month, and by pins awarded yearly to individual members. A Beacon Club member from that school furnishes the information.

A Beacon Club member of the Sunday school at East Greenwich, R.I., offered the copies of her paper to some boy or girl "who might enjoy reading the stories as much as I do." An address was furnished her through the Cheerful Letter Committee. Are there others who would be willing to send their papers when read to some one else—a "shut-in" perhaps—who might enjoy them?

## THE BEACON CLUB CORNER.

[Letters for this department should be addressed to  
Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston,  
Mass.]

THE Editor is delighted to have this good news from the Sunday school in a church where for a short time she was the minister:

PALO ALTO, CAL.

My dear Miss Buck,—I thought you might take a friendly interest in hearing news again from "your" Sunday school here. In all the time I have gone to the Sunday school (since 1906) I have never thought it so full of interesting work as during the past year. It has been run more scientifically this year than ever before; that is, there is, as you might say, a regular course of study. There are six classes in the Sunday school. We all miss you exceedingly and would certainly enjoy another visit from you.

Sincerely yours,

GUIDO V. D. MARX.

Dear Miss Buck,—I take great pleasure in reading *The Beacon* each Sunday, and, as I was looking over it this Sunday, I noticed that my chum, Hilda Mabley, and another friend of mine, Eleanor Dodson, had written you very interesting letters. I made up my mind in a very few minutes to write one myself. I am in the same Sunday-school class with these girls, and I also belong to the Camp-fire Club. We do have the loveliest times when our Camp-fire Club has a meeting or goes into the woods. I would love to join the Beacon Club.

Hoping to see my letter published in *The Beacon*, I remain

Yours sincerely,

ANNIE ELISE MEYER,  
St. Louis, Mo.

ST. LOUIS, MO.,  
418 Kansas Street,

Dear Editor,—I enjoy *The Beacon* very much, and am anxious to be a member of the Club, so I can try in the contest. I am ten years old. The other day I saw a story in the *Christian Register* about our fingers being fairies, and I thought I would make up a poem about it. I love the animal stories in *The Beacon*. I have always wanted a pet of my own, and I like to read about other people's. We are going to South Carolina this summer to visit my aunt. My uncle is trying to keep a tame squirrel for me. I hope I can get my button before we go away, so I can show it to my aunt. I am going to be in Unity Church Camp-fire Girls next year.

Yours truly,

MARGARET DE LAUGHTER.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am interested in *The Beacon*, especially in the Recreation Corner. I am sending an enigma which I hope will be published. There are twelve boys in my class, ten of whom are members of Pilgrim Scout Patrol of Plymouth.

We go on very pleasant outings.

Hoping to become a Beacon member,

I am,

EDWIN H. MORTON.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school nearly every Sunday and get *The Beacon*, which I like very much. I am sending some conundrums, which I hope may be printed.

Yours truly,

EDNA HARTWELL,  
Littleton, Mass.

## RECREATION CORNER.

## ENIGMA III.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 6, 7, is a month of the year.

My 19, 21, 18, is something every one hates.

My 16, 14, 2, 3, 23, is to tremble.

My 22, 15, 8, is not old.

My 5, 10, 13, is to strike.

My 24, 9, 12, is a pronoun.

My 17 is a vowel.

My 20, 4, 11, 23, 18, is a girl's name.

My whole is a well-known proverb.

HELEN E. ARTHUR.

## ENIGMA IV.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 21, 3, 4, 6, is a weapon.

My 10, 23, 14, is a kind of meat.

My 1, 20, 24, 22, is something which grows on a tree.

My 2, 18, is an exclamation.

My 21, 11, 24, 17, is a kind of coin.

My 12, 19, 5, is a kind of jewel.

My 9, 7, 13, is a piece of clothing.

My 16, 8, 17, 22, is destiny.

My 21, 15, is an abbreviation.

My whole is a patriotic song.

H. M. W.

## DIVIDED CITIES.

Divide a city of England into an important organ and a small lake; of Germany into a kind of salted meat and a town; of China into a metal vessel and a weight; of the United States into scrubbing and a weight; of Spain into angry and to free; of Italy into part of a chair and a wind instrument.

Youth's Companion.

## TWISTED BOYS' NAMES.

1. Nethnek.
2. Thargiv.
3. Borret.
4. Rachels.

EUGENE OLMSTEAD.

## WHAT WORD AM I?

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

Without me could no word be spoken.  
Without me would the heart be broken.  
Without me were no harmony  
Though all the world at peace might be.  
Of fixed unchanging length, a sin  
'Twould be to make me short or thin;  
Yet, without guilt or sin or wrong,  
I'm made thick, thin, sweet, short or long.  
Tools and strength it took to make me,  
Yet the merest touch may wake me.

Vegetable, animal,  
Yet but immaterial!

Silken, wooden, passing sweet,  
Cotton, yet in chicken's feet.  
Your great-grandmother, 'tis said,  
Used to have me for her bed.  
Feet have I, nor few nor small,  
Yet I have no feet at all!  
Though thing of manufacture, still  
I grow without man's thought or will;  
Yet making me may be a part  
Of genius rare in one fine art.  
By hangman used, by playful boy,  
Housewife and artist me employ.

## A CAT FAMILY.

Ex.—The cat that is a deluge of water—Cataclysm.

1. The cat that is a tree.
2. The cat that is a list of items.
3. The cat that lives in a wild state.
4. The cat that is made of water.
5. The cat boys use for throwing small missiles.
6. The cat that is a float or raft.
7. The cat that asks questions.
8. The cat that is a plant.
9. The cat that is live stock.
10. The botanical cat.

Scattered Seeds.

## A PICNIC LUNCH.

Go beg slid. Wash snidec. Sad resin. Elkspic.  
Silveo. Pack no gees. Pale pipe. Cydan. Sain  
sir. Heat cool thoc. Meal done. Mace rice.  
The Myrile.